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Ask Me no More.

Ask me no more. The moon may draw the sea;
The cloud may stoop from heaven and take
the shape.
With fold to fold, of mountain or of cape.
But, oh, too fond, when have I answered thee?
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more. What answer should I give?
I love not follow chink or faded eye.
Yet, oh, my friend, I will not have thee die!
Ask me no more, lest I should bid the live;
Ask me no more.

Ask me no more. Thy fate and mine are sealed.
I strove against the stream and all in vain.
Till the great river took me to the main.
No more, dear love, for at a touch I yield;
Ask me no more!

A STORY ABOUT PEARLS.

We belonged to the same club. I professed to be a connoisseur of pearls. I was the only one of the kind in my money. Though now, when I happen to see him, he is always on the other side of the street, or just turning round the corner I cannot imagine. What I am writing about happened some years ago. It was a summer afternoon when I met Clap von Trap in the park. "Hello," said he to me. "Is the chance I have been waiting for some time, that of seeing you again and talking to you alone?" and with this he drew a small velvet-covered box from his pantaloons pocket, and, opening it, displayed some exquisite pearls. "Here is richness," he continued. "They came from California. Oysters—pearl oysters—there is greater quantity than the edible ones in Chesapeake Bay. It's only a question of how many bushels, not of shells, but of pearls, we want. Divers, *burzos* they call them, go down to the bottom and take this one and that one. Here, take this one and that one. There is just \$2,750 in this box. Take this one and give it to your wife, with my compliments. Know the place where they are found? Don't! These come direct from the original Spaniards. I used to fish there for pearls, and the very existence of the place has been lost to the whole world, excepting to three men, and I am one of them. You have heard of 'La Perlegrina,' the most beautiful pearl in the world, given to Philip II, King of Spain, and now in the royal treasury at Madrid, only equaled by the one belonging to the Princess Yousouppoff? See the Perlegrina when you were in Spain? Of course you did; as big as a pigeon's egg worth \$150,000. Queen Isabella, they say, tried to swallow it when she was driven out of the country. No, boy, it, and so was forced to disgorge. The pearl is a fool to what we can find, and that pearl was discovered as far as tradition goes exactly where our beds are. I have been waiting for the last three years trying to find one good, solid fellow, to enbark to solve the problem. Don't talk to me about your fortune. Here it is. We could, if we wanted to, make pearls as cheap as glass beads, but we are too clever for that; we will only let them out as they are wanted; we will not let them out as they are wanted."

"Every difficulty has been overcome," he continued. "There has been no end of ingenuity lavished on matters of this kind. There were lots of people, during the war, who raked their brains into ingenious subaqueous machines for human destruction. All of them failed—either they would not work, or the men in them could not be kept afloat. I have in them could not be kept afloat. I have one, and I have secured the patent of that one. All you have to do is to buy your boat, put a dozen men in her—I am willing to make the first trip in her and down, down we go, to any depth under water, and we can sail around quite as comfortably as on a beach. I have quite as deep as a yacht would be on the surface of the North River. Then there is such an ingenious method for letting the men out so that they can work under water. Don't ask me about the air to keep them alive with; that is the first problem we have to solve. We are not so stupid as to suppose that human beings could live under water without air. All modern inventions of this character start with the idea of supplying air from the outside. Maybe, he went on, still toying with the pearls, "you have read those wonderful tales of Otto Platten. You think I am not reading man, but I am. He declares somewhere that on shipboard the time must come when, instead of stowing away huge tanks of water for the use of the sailors, or even distilling sea-water, something else must be done. He even asserts that water in the Grand Duke of Sibiria will be sooner or later supplied to those that use it by those simply natural but ever progressive laws of science."

By combining oxygen and hydrogen in certain well-known and definite proportions, we can manufacture water. If water can be produced, what is to prevent our manufacturing air? Funny, wouldn't it, if that particular case mentioned by old Adam Smith should really turn up, that of a man having the monopoly of air? Now follow me. All we have to do is to take in a cargo of oxygen and nitrogen. But you say, and very properly, why not take it in at once? Because it would occupy too much space, and make us so buoyant, that no matter how we condensed it, we would never sink. We take our submarine boat, then, freight her with pick-axes, rakes, put our men on board, and with our twenty-five, fifty, or a hundred pounds of chemicals, down we go. Here I remember Von Trap plunging his stick, an elegant Malacca, into the ground, and I followed suit with my cane, thrusting it into the soft mud away above the ferns. "You grapple with the oyster," continued my friend, moving round his stick in the dirt, "selecting only the biggest and fattest. We collect five—ten—fifty tons of them. Then up we come, and dump them on the shore, and back again we go for more and more. Here does not, however, end the business. The East, my boy, and Ceylon, Coromandel, and Conchadity! We will monopolize the trade. Then what say you to coral, and the Mediterranean, and the tons on tons of that delicate bluish pink shade, worth its weight in gold, and then the more vulgar but useful sponge; and then my scheme is limitless in its extent. I confess it confuses me sometimes, when I

think of it in all its extent. Those hidden wrecks, those argosies, those ships rich in millions and millions, which are scattered here and there, strewn around purposely waiting for us. Think of it, now; all those fat old galleons, sunk by Drake and Hawkins, which have been waiting the William Phippses of the nineteenth century? Do not talk to me about Capt. Kidd and such trash. I tell you I never was more sober earnest in my life, and am ready to risk my all in it. It is simply a matter of dollars and cents. Here are my figures," and with this he drew out of his cigar case a card, on which was written in a bold, clear hand, a whole row of figures. Handing me a cigar, and taking one himself, he went on. "Now, you shall judge for yourself whether I am much out of the way. Patent on the submarine machine, with total and exclusive right to use it, in fact, the absolute ownership of it, \$750,000. They wanted \$200,000, and a participation in the profits, for the United States alone, but I at last got their price, and have the refusal of it for ten days. Cost of building the vessel, iron throughout, with engine and apparatus complete, \$68,875. Every item down on the contract, with specifications, and the working drawings now in the hands of the first machine-shop in the country. Chemist's patent, \$100,000. That is steep, I must admit."

"Quite so," I said. "So it seems to me still. But the confounded fellow has the secret, and laughs at me when I mention a penny less. I did try ever so hard to make him take a portion of the price in shares, but he has refused. All I can get out of him is his promise to be satisfied with his money by instalments. Item third: Cost of material for making one of the finest quality, fifty pounds capable of producing 7,332,563 cubic feet of A 1 air, at thirty cents a pound, is \$15. But I have no doubt, from inquiries I have made among the wholesale people, it could be bought in quantity for twenty-two cents, and we might import it ourselves on a margin; and that a saving that would be, for we shall certainly want tons of it. Well, you must confess that \$15 is cheap enough."

"Quite so," I replied. "Then comes the pick-axes, crow-bars, and such necessary tools for digging out the shells from their beds. I figured that out at \$150, and they may be under or over the mark. Now, to transport our craft to San Francisco, the future centre of our operations, we will have to build her in sections, and put her together there. That will cost, by the Pacific Coast route, fifty thousand dollars. I have sent the freight agent and consulted the tariff. It would be much cheaper round the Horn, but then the delay, and the months that must elapse before we could get it there. It is too good a thing to be so slow about. One thing I can get out of the tariff, and that is, to enbark to solve the problem. Don't talk to me about your fortune. Here it is. We could, if we wanted to, make pearls as cheap as glass beads, but we are too clever for that; we will only let them out as they are wanted; we will not let them out as they are wanted."

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to the lustrous pearl, made the best selection for my gem I had ever seen. Then I told her all about it, from beginning to end.

"I shall examine closely, vigorously into the whole matter. Von Trap wants me on the Board of Direction, and an occupation is so very desirable. If it is all right I might venture a small sum," and then I talked of my own sponge, coral, sunken treasure, not as well as did Von Trap, but with a certain effect. Whether all the stock was taken or not, I suppose I shall never be able to discover. What is certain is that there were some good names standing for shares. P. P. C. stock, they would call it, the regular list, was bought and sold by brokers, and was, for a time, quite a fancy stock. Some people took shares in it, the dividends to be paid in pearls, placing the shares in their wives' or daughters' names, and in many a drawing room, probably, they would talk of their prospective pearl purities, and wonder how many pearls it would take to span their graceful necks. As I had some taste in designing, my tracing of ornaments of a decorative nature, suitable for ear-rings, pendants, and bracelets, all of pearl, were eagerly sought after.

The first difficulty was about the patent. No sooner was the P. P. C. the purchaser than injunctions, from America and Europe, and even Asia and Africa, I believe were showered on us. The whole world clamored for infringement. Some would say, "Oh, my dear, I told her to fight in Court." Then came delay on delay as to the building of the submarine boat. I spent days and weeks in traveling between the office and the machine-shop, and quite ruined my self in buying new clothes, though I wore being soiled by the dust and oil in the dingy shop where it was building. After that came the chemical amonies. There was no doubt about our being able to make air, and of the finest, purest, and most exhilarating character, in the office. We used to produce it by the use of a submersible, and we made every one who came in to try it, and all the visitors declared it to be the freshest and nicest air they had ever used, and some people of a philanthropic turn of mind were saying, "that if it were sent to the poor, it would be a great blessing." Then came delay on delay as to the building of the submarine boat. I spent days and weeks in traveling between the office and the machine-shop, and quite ruined my self in buying new clothes, though I wore being soiled by the dust and oil in the dingy shop where it was building. After that came the chemical amonies. There was no doubt about our being able to make air, and of the finest, purest, and most exhilarating character, in the office. We used to produce it by the use of a submersible, and we made every one who came in to try it, and all the visitors declared it to be the freshest and nicest air they had ever used, and some people of a philanthropic turn of mind were saying, "that if it were sent to the poor, it would be a great blessing."

"How have it back again?" asked my wife. "We know every gem of value we dispose of, which helps us, to trace lost stones. Of course, in this case, there is nothing of the kind. Could tell the name of the stone, and the value. Though not large, it is nearly perfect as to shape and color. Allow me to refer to our books. Ah, yes—here it is. We sold this quite a lot of them, say eight, ten months ago. I think \$100 was the price then paid for it. We have no idea of taking any further advantage of you, Madam. Please like this, rate at any time, are just now at an advance of fully ten per cent. We can just place such a pearl to-day, to match one a customer wants for a bridal gift, and we will give \$125 for it, which I assure you is a fancy price. Will you take the money or our check? perhaps you might want some jewelry in exchange for it? Any way to suit you, madam."

The char-woman was paid, and, good soul, such a kind friend she has been to us since.

A Strange Story.

An exchange gives a long account of one Henrietta Robinson, who about twenty years ago was accused of poisoning a man and woman in Troy, New York, and was convicted and sentenced to death, but the sentence was commuted to life imprisonment. She was styled at the time the 'Veiled Murderer,' and was kept in the prison, and would neither show her face nor give any account of herself or her family. She has now been eighteen years in Sing Sing, and generally enjoys good health and spirits, and preserves her good looks. She was a very handsome woman when first confined to prison, and was supposed to belong to some high family either in England or Ireland. She has never yet breathed a word in regard to her family which has reached the public. She is called 'Mrs. Robinson' by the other convicts, who one day all feel for her the highest respect. Having been in prison for so long, she has been granted many trifling privileges not allowed ordinary prisoners. Her cell is a curiosity in its way. It is represented to be a miniature conservatory, embracing some rare floral productions. This, as she lived with many other convicts of refined taste and culture. She is more communicative to the chaplain of the prison than any one else, and toward him she occasionally throws off a portion of her habitual reserve. It is supposed she has made some important communications under the seal of secrecy, and he states that before many months shall have passed there possibly may be more disclosures given to the public in regard to her case, which will present in a different light than that in which she has hitherto stood. This chaplain, who attended her trial, has always respected her, and in her entire innocence of the fearful crime for which she was convicted.

Very soon my thousand dollars went, and with it some of the stockholders, who preferred having their stock forfeited to paying further assessments. I must confess that, so far, Von Trap had stood manfully by us. He had bought an immense stock of pick-axes, crow-bars, and such like, at nominal prices, and was now on exhibition in the office. Little by little my ten thousand dollar interest became fifty thousand, and shortly I became the largest shareholder. Von Trap, my confidant, had been on my pluck, and offered me the Presidency, which I declined. I still had unlimited faith in the P. P. C., so much so as to write a brilliant prospectus, which I had neatly printed on tinted paper, with a red line round the edges, which was distributed by the thousands. We advertised in the *Times*, the *Register*, and the *Standard*. The prospectus, and the reader may have seen notices of it. Here commenced my first coolness with Von Trap. He would write the advertisements himself, in the regular patent medicine, lottery scheme style, which was not to my taste. Calls for money became more and more frequent. The contractor who was building the submarine boat was always calling for advances, threatened "to leave right off then, and not drive in another rivet or turn a bolt unless so many thousand dollars were paid. We had made so many alterations and improvements, he said "that it would cost twice as much as the original drawings and specifications called for."

Later I noticed that my friend Von Trap had not been in the office for ten days. Presently, in the streets, I heard his name used in connection with that of a novel process for facilitating City transit. It was described as something marvelous—an electro-motor, by means of which passengers could be conveyed from the Battery to Spytten Dyvel in three minutes, and at a cost not exceeding one-eighth of a cent per head. Still laboring on my watch-pocket, "Ah," he said, "I must go. Sorry I haven't my double wagon out to-day, or I might give you a lift." Here drove up his stylish equipage, and taking the reins from his servant, in a moment more my friend, Von Trap, was gone.

As I ascended the steps of my pleasant little house, my wife opened the door for me. "It is rather late; what has kept you away from us so long?" she asked.

"It is not late, I think," I replied, and drew out my watch, when out tumbled the pearl, which I had forgotten. The oil-cloth in the entry was of a dark, black ground, and over and over rolled the pearl, flashing and shining.

"Gracious! what is that?" asked my wife.

"Only a pearl," I replied, in a subdued tone.

"Oh! the pretty pearl. What lovely colors. So modest, withal; and picking it up, she held it between her first finger and thumb. My wife has a charming hand and graceful fingers, and I thought then, as I think now, that I should have found a rosy hue

He looked at me with his sinister eyes, and, very coolly drawing from his pocket a small glass tumbler, hermetically sealed, one end of which was drawn to a fine point, he said, "Zee. You must buy me five thousand dollars, now on de spot, or I break off the little splinter of glass here, and you and I, and everysing in dis house, shall be smashed into a hundred thousand pieces, and then I talk of your sponge, coral, sunken treasure, not as well as did Von Trap, but with a certain effect. Whether all the stock was taken or not, I suppose I shall never be able to discover. What is certain is that there were some good names standing for shares. P. P. C. stock, they would call it, the regular list, was bought and sold by brokers, and was, for a time, quite a fancy stock. Some people took shares in it, the dividends to be paid in pearls, placing the shares in their wives' or daughters' names, and in many a drawing room, probably, they would talk of their prospective pearl purities, and wonder how many pearls it would take to span their graceful necks. As I had some taste in designing, my tracing of ornaments of a decorative nature, suitable for ear-rings, pendants, and bracelets, all of pearl, were eagerly sought after.

Next day I shut up the concern. The shell of the submarine vessel, half completed, was sold for old iron, the price it brought settled some of the lawyers' fees; the office furniture was seized by the landlord for the unpaid lease. All I had left was the seal. I have it now.

Poor wife and children! They took their share of the misfortune heroically without a murmur. The day of the downfall of the P. P. C. she offered me a pearl, which I had fortunately insisted on buying of Von Trap, to pay any outstanding debt that might be owing some honest creditor. Such a one was found in the person of a woman named Bridget McCosh, the woman who had cleaned the office for a six months, at \$5 a month, but in her very claim for \$30. My wife took the pearl to an eminent jeweler. "A beautiful Indian pearl, Madam," he said, "and shall be quite pleased to have it back again."

"How have it back again?" asked my wife. "We know every gem of value we dispose of, which helps us, to trace lost stones. Of course, in this case, there is nothing of the kind. Could tell the name of the stone, and the value. Though not large, it is nearly perfect as to shape and color. Allow me to refer to our books. Ah, yes—here it is. We sold this quite a lot of them, say eight, ten months ago. I think \$100 was the price then paid for it. We have no idea of taking any further advantage of you, Madam. Please like this, rate at any time, are just now at an advance of fully ten per cent. We can just place such a pearl to-day, to match one a customer wants for a bridal gift, and we will give \$125 for it, which I assure you is a fancy price. Will you take the money or our check? perhaps you might want some jewelry in exchange for it? Any way to suit you, madam."

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A Whirlwind of Fire in England.

A most remarkable phenomenon occurred at King Sutton, near Banbury, England, a local paper says, by which a man named John Smith, who was engaged in cutting down trees, was struck by a lightning bolt, and his body was completely consumed. The man was standing in a field, and was cutting down a tree, when a sudden flash of lightning struck him, and he was instantly killed. The lightning bolt was so powerful that it caused a great deal of damage to the surrounding trees and buildings. The man's body was found lying on the ground, and was completely charred. The lightning bolt was so powerful that it caused a great deal of damage to the surrounding trees and buildings. The man's body was found lying on the ground, and was completely charred. The lightning bolt was so powerful that it caused a great deal of damage to the surrounding trees and buildings. The man's body was found lying on the ground, and was completely charred.

The Puddling of Iron.

This process of puddling was invented by Henry Cort, an Englishman, and patented by him in 1784 and 1785 as a new process for "skimming, welding, and manufacturing iron and steel into bars, plates, and rods of pure quality and in larger quantities than heretofore, by a more effectual application of fire machinery." For this invention Cort has been called the father of the iron-trade of the British nation, and it is estimated that his inventions, during this century, giving employment to 6,000,000 of persons, and increased the wealth of Great Britain by 33,000,000,000. In his experiments for perfecting his process, Mr. Cort spent his fortune, and though he proved so valuable, he died poor, having been involved by the Government in a law-suit concerning his patent which beggared him. Six years before his death, the Government, as an acknowledgment of their wrong, granted him a yearly pension of £500, which he died with. The iron-trade was reduced to his widow to \$25. When iron is simply melted and run into any mold, its texture is granular, and it is so brittle as to be quite unreliable for any use requiring much tensile strength. The process of puddling consists in stirring the molten iron in a puddle, and had the effect of so changing its atomic arrangement as to render the process of rolling it more efficacious. The process of puddling is considered an improvement upon this. The puddling furnace is an open hearth, in which the iron is melted, and the heat is kept up by a blast of air from a furnace. The iron is stirred by a long pole, and the heat is kept up by a blast of air from a furnace. The iron is stirred by a long pole, and the heat is kept up by a blast of air from a furnace. The iron is stirred by a long pole, and the heat is kept up by a blast of air from a furnace. The iron is stirred by a long pole, and the heat is kept up by a blast of air from a furnace.

Items of Interest.

A slaughtered hog in Lynchburg, Va. eighteen months old, weighed 900 pounds net.

A boy, fifteen years of age, died lately in St. Louis from the effects of intemperance.

The convicts at the Joliet, Ill., Penitentiary average days wages of 55 cents each, making negroes.

The *Guide to Health* doubts if there are twenty really healthy and strong women in any State in the Union.

The Methodist confesses to being a little astonished to see "how patronizing the new school of sceptical science is to the Almighty."

During the first nine months of 1872 England made away with 10,109,041 gallons of spirits—1,163,449 gallons more than she drank during the corresponding time in 1871.

"I wish you would pay a little attention to what I am saying, sir," roared an irate lawyer at an expiring witness. "Well, I am paying as little as I can," was the reply.

Those who believe nothing often make their beliefs most as the best actors in our theatres do those who retain the most perfect command over their feelings, voice and countenance.

A woman of North Wheeling, Va., one Mrs. Dailey, was found by her husband literally roasted to death on Christmas evening, her clothing having caught fire whilst she was alone in the house.

According to a St. Paul paper, noses, ears and fingers, which have been blown off while in a frozen and crisp condition, may be picked up in large quantities from the sidewalks of that frosty city.

There are now published in the United States 6,432 periodicals, of which 567 are issued daily, 105 tri-weekly, 110 semi-weekly, 4,750 weekly, 24 bi-weekly, 91 semi-monthly, 685 monthly, 4 bi-monthly, and 55 quarterly.

A novel pet has a lady of Danville, Conn., in the shape of a butterfly, which nestles in her hand, alights upon her shoulder or hair, or, by way of variety, hides in the knot of ribbon at her throat, when he feels like a nap.

Fort Ontario, Oswego, N. Y., is in charge of a sergeant and three privates. The other day the sergeant put one of the men into the guard-house, and another to guard him, and put the remaining one in charge of the fort.

Mrs. Samuel Colt made \$800,000 profit out of revolvers last year. She has a lovely daughter who will inherit \$8,000,000.—*Elmira Gazette*. This may be correct as to figures, but the "lovely daughter" happens to be a son with a will of his own.

According to the North China Herald, on the 13th and 14th of October last no less than 115 criminals were beheaded at the execution ground at Matow. Of these some 46 were kidnappers, who were all strangled first and then decapitated.

The man in Danbury who enjoys the most sympathy is he who chases a runaway team for half a mile, and finally succeeds in heading it off, only to discover the driver in the carriage looking very much astonished at the hallooing and panting rescuer.

An old lady in Ottawa, Mich., was recently sitting in an arm-chair sewing, when an automobile rife in the next room fell from its hooks and discharged. The ball went through a partition, pierced a table in the way and fatally wounded the old lady in the head.

A hotel clerk who was banged up in a railroad accident recently, sued the company for \$20,000 for damage to his cheek, but the Judge told the jury he "did not want to influence them in their verdict, but thought the case would be an ample sum for the injury done."

The annual report of the Chamber of Commerce of Milwaukee shows the receipts of the various products last year to be as follows: Receipts—Flour, 215,977 barrels; wheat, 13,275,626 bushels; oats, 1,608,048 bushels; corn, 2,042,106 bushels; rye, 410,133 bushels; barley, 1,447,569 bushels.

A school girl in one of the rural districts of Pittsfield, Mass., was overheard trying to convince a school fellow that she liked him better than she did some other nephew of whom he seemed jealous. "Of course I like you better than I do Bill," said she, "for don't I miss yours in my spelling lesson? For purpose, so as to be down to the foot of the class where you are?"

There is a duty of the hour which very few people seem to realize. The weight of snow of the density of the recent fall is about one-fifth the weight of water; a cubic foot of it consequently weighs over 12 pounds, reckoning the cubic foot of water at 1,000 ounces. The roof of an ordinary dwelling house is something over 800 square feet in extent, and if we take the average depth of the snow to be only one foot, we shall have on such a roof a burden of five tons. This is not more than a good roof ought to bear, but there are hundreds of roofs in each city hardly able to sustain their own *Weighted*. Let householders look to this without delay.

What a Single Wave Can Do.

There is a vessel in Queenstown harbor, says an Irish paper, of 1,200 tons, which received from a single wave a surprising amount of damage. This vessel, a Norwegian, was struck by a sea or wave of so tremendous a character, in the late gale, as to sweep that portion of her cargo which was stowed upon the deck, in a moment, into the sea; to carry off her cooking apparatus, made of cast iron; to empty and injure her deckhouse, to wound and bruise three of her men, and to reduce four more to a state of weakness and syncope; to break the mate's thigh and wash a seaman overboard, and finally to fill the cabin and damage all the provisions, so that the crew were nearly starving when they came to Queenstown. All these injuries were produced in a moment by a single wave. It not only cleared the decks, but it extinguished hope in the hearts of the crew, who the moment they were struck never expected to see land again.

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